

morning at 6.30, and hoar-frost lay on the ground. The steadiness with which the mercury descends at this season is as interesting as its steady ascent in the spring, and its freedom from any but the smallest fluctuations in the summer. The road to Sujbulak passes over uplands and hill-slopes, tawny with sun-cured grass, and after crossing some low spurs, blue with the lovely *Hryngium cceruleuin*₃ descends into a long rich valley watered by the river Sanak. This valley, in which are situated Inda Khosh and other large villages, is abundantly irrigated, and is cultivated throughout. Well planted with fruit trees, it is a great contrast to the arid, fiery slopes which descend upon it.

Long before reaching Sujbulak there were indications of the vicinity of a place of some importance, caravans going both ways, asses loaded with perishable produce, horsemen and foot passengers, including many fine-looking Kurdish women unveiled, and walking with a firm masculine stride, even when carrying children on their backs.

A few miles from the town two *sowars* met me, but after escorting me for some distance they left me, and taking the wrong road, I found myself shortly on a slope above the town, not among the living but the dead. Such a City of Death I have never seen. A whole hour was occupied in riding through it without reaching its limits. Fifty thousand gravestones are said to stand on the reddish-gray gravel between the hill and the city wall, mere unhewn slabs of gray stone, from six

inches to as
many feet in height, row beyond row to the
limit of vision
—300,000 people, they say, are buried
there. There is
no suggestion of " life and immortality."
Weird, melan-
choly, and terribly malodorous, owing to the
shallowness
of the graves, the impression made by this
vast cemetery
is solely painful. The tombs are continued
up to the
walls and even among the houses, and having
been much